

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1923

Nos. 9-10

"THE HUT"

A comedy in three acts by Fannie Barnes Linsky, was presented on Sunday, March 25, by the C. L. S.:

Characters

MacGregory Spillane, proprietor of "The Hut"—Alphonse Uhrich.

GUESTS AT "THE HUT"

John Rand—Adam L. Sattler.

James Lodge—Leo A. Gattes.

Hallam Carleton—Donald Collins.

Simon Semple—John Dieter.

Lawrence Orme—Carl Gehrlich.

Abner, the Chore Boy—Walter War-tinger.

Grimes, Semple's Chauffeur—Vin-cent Madison.

Dicky, Orme's Son—Sebastian Alig.

McKinnon, Detective Officer—Thom-as P. Daley.

Lane, Detective Officer—Erasmus Gengler.

TIME—Present.

Scene—The living room of "The Hut," a country Health and Rest Retreat for the tired business man.

Act I.—Late afternoon in Octob-er. Pajamas \$5.00.

Act II.—The next day. The gift of the storm. Scene I., morning; Scene II., late evening.

Act III.—Two days later. The Governor takes a hand.

C. S. M. C. TO SEND THREE DELEGATES TO NOTRE DAME

At the meeting of the C. S. M. C. held March 17, the Field Secretary, Edward O'Connor, announced the selection by the executive commit-tee board, of the delegates to the convention at Notre Dame. As representative delegate, Arthur Froehle was chosen. Messrs. Leo Gattes and Carl Gehrlich were se-lected as honorary delegates.

The moderator, Father Sporn-hauer, in his remarks stated that arrangements were being completed for the representation of St. Joe's Band and Orchestra at the conven-tion.

Enthusiastic talks on the missions and topics especially commemorating St. Patrick were given by James Lauer and the Field Secretary, Ed-ward O'Connor.

When two women have a common interest they get on famously.

PLAY BALL!

"Hit the dirt!" "Safe!" Say, isn't it a thrill to loosen up that old wing out in the fresh Spring breezes after a winter's rest? There's nothing quite like it. And now that the campus is teeming with base ball enthusiasts, and we hear the bats kissing that old horse-hide once more, we gladly shove basket balls upon the shelf and welcome Old Man Base Ball, King of Sport.

Base ball is truly America's favorite pastime. Demanding as it does action, endurance, and above all mental alertness, this sport is eas-ily the most beneficial to the Amer-ican lad. Unlike many other sports, the size of the player does not great-ly determine his ability. It is brain-work that decides the issue of the base ball game—the lad who can think quickly and decide rightly on the spur of the moment is the lad who will aid his team in crossing the rubber. There is never a mom-ent for mental rest. If not in ac-tion, the wise player plans ahead. What shall I do with the ball if it is tapped my way? And if he bunts, who shall field it in this instance? These and innumerable other ques-tions loom up before the alert mind on the diamond.

Professional base ball holds an interest for all real American boys. However, the college man finds much more interest on the local campus. He loves to watch and hear of the diamond antics, of the sensational plays, and of the "almost won" games which occur on his college diamond.

Confining ourselves to prospective views of our own coming season, we face cheerful signs indeed. The shouts arising from the crowded campus predict great interest in the various Leagues, and the daily cracks of ball meeting glove which resound from the gym walls assure us that our hurling staff will be the best ever. There is our sensation of last year, big boy "Bill" Flynn; his twisters, and especially that wicked drop, are reported working in great style. Bill bids fair to set a new pitching record at St. Joe.

And Tommie Neff, also a letter man, certainly has oodles of stuff on that old pill. Undoubtedly he'll get a fling at the enemy also. It is, of course, too early to make prom-ises, but if these two mound artists

PHIDELAH RICE LIVES

UP TO OLD REPUTATION

Reads "David Garrick," Celebrated English Comedy.

Combining perfect discrimination and co-ordination with a personality that could naught but charm, Phide-lah Rice read the celebrated English comedy, "David Garrick," to an audience that was, we may safely say, the most delighted that ever attended an entertainment in Alumni Hall.

As an impersonator Mr. Rice has few equals, as a reader suffice it to say that he more than pleases, but what impressed us more than all else, perhaps, was this same winning personality which of itself was a source of great pleasure. His abil-ity is of the genius; his grace is of the artist.

Never was there a lowering of standard, a loss of suggestion, or a waning interest, but the fulness of ideal that was inherent in the read-ing throughout was the real secret of his success. It was with reluc-tance that we bade farewell to Mr. Rice, but it is with added expecta-tion that we await the sequel to the evening's program of March 15.

TWO YEARS AGO

March 22—Tuesday. Easter vaca-tion began today. "Them days is gone forever."

March 27—Easter Sunday. Pret-tiest snow of the season. Cold!

March 30—Vacation comes to a close.

March 31—Thursday, Elliott reads "The Lion and The Mouse."

A YEAR AGO

March 17—Friday, was St. Pat-rick's day.

March 21—Tuesday, "The Ros-ary," presented under auspices of C. S. M. C.

March 23—Thursday, first rep try-out.

March 29—Wednesday, Marshall of Indiana Central University here.

have any backing at all, we should bring a grand close to the best year in athletics that St. Joe has seen in many moons.

THE NEWMAN CLUB PRESENTS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By John Drinkwater

The student body of St. Joseph's together with those patrons from the city who thought it worth while to make the trip to Collegeville, on Sunday, March 11, were given a rare treat by the Newman Literary Society, the Junior Dramatic Club. By saying those who thought it "worth while" we wish to emphasize the fact all the more that the performance eclipsed all expectations, and all were duly rewarded by the excellent rendition of Drinkwater's immortal "Abraham Lincoln."

A new epoch has unquestionably been opened in the history of the N. L. S. For any Club to attempt the presentation of such a play, courage, effort, and zeal are necessary. We are satisfied that our Junior Dramatists possess all these marks. The stage effects were realistic to say the least. Would space permit we could expatiate at length upon the merits of the Newman's gigantic endeavour. Suffice it to say that IT WAS THE BEST EVER, and at the same time the HEAVIEST PIECE OF WORK EVER ATTEMPTED BY THE N. L. S. The following is the cast of characters:

Chronicler—C. Birnbaumer.
Seward (Secretary of State)—J. Hipskind.
Commissioners of the Confederacy—White, H. Estadt; Jennings, K. Moynihan.
Hay (Private Secretary) — S. Trahe.
Hawkins (Clerk)—J. Donnelan.
Chase—(Secretary of Treasury)—C. McCabe.
Blair (Postmaster General)—A. Shilling.
Stanton (Secretary of War)—A. Hoefer.
Members of the Cabinet—Cameron, A. Timm; Hook, G. Rick; Welles, F. Buckley.
Custis (Negro Minister) — R. Boehm.
Grant (General)—P. Rahe.
Malins (Aide de Camp to Grant)—L. McGuire.
Dennis (Orderly)—R. Moody.
Scott (Private)—J. McConkey.
Meade (General)—J. Medland.
Sone (Captain)—M. Sonderman.
Lee (General)—R. Yeager.
Aide de camp to Lee—T. Neff.
Booth—W. Lutfy.
Abraham Lincoln—J. Bechtold.
Clerks, a messenger, audience.

Sketch of Play

Scene I.—Seward's office at Washington, D. C.

Scene II.—Reception room in the White House, nearly two years later.

Scene III. — Seward's office at Washington a little later.

Scene IV.—A farm house at Appomattox; an April evening in 1865.

Scene V.—The box-row at the Ford Theatre at Washington on April 14, 1865.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

McVay: "Got a match, or a pipe full or who's got butts?"
Russel S.: "I'm my mamia's blue eyes."
Froehle: "Got anything to read?"
Roach: "For cripe sake."
Feger: "Cannick ferstey."
Uhrich: "What's that!"
Alig: "Huh."
Yusas: "Want some pictchores?"
Bastin: "I don't know."
Hoban: "Say guy."
T. Tiebert: "Bet your boots."
Clemens: "Oh, Slush!"
Ivo: "I wasn't feelin' so well."
Dutch: "Hot stuff,—Circus Day,—ha, ha!"
Rauh: "How now!"
Most Anyone: "Who's settin' up?"

I've been a good fellow,
I've earned all I spent,
I've paid all I borrowed,
I've lost all I lent.

ST. JOE HAS PERMANENT COACH

Fortune has recently ushered in a new era of athletics at St. Joe, an era teeming with promises for future athletics. We now have a permanent coach. Realizing that a regular trainer was an indispensable requisite for the attainment of greater success in athletics, the faculty has obtained the services of a first-class coach, Mr. Thomas Radican.

Coach Radican takes the field preceded by great predictions of his prowess. Though time alone can prove the truth of these predictions the record of this man to date speaks very highly of his ability. Three years he battled on the gridiron for Northwestern U, and after entering U. S. service during the war played on the Great Lakes eleven. After his honorable discharge Mr. Radican attended Illinois U. There he played football under the masterly eye of Coach Zuppke, and baseball under George Huff.

The acquisition of a regular coach is certainly a necessary and valuable move for the welfare of St. Joe athletics. We have been producing fine teams; the impetus that Mr. Radican will undoubtedly add to the athletic spirit in general should place St. Joe on a still higher basis in athletic circles.

Success is made up of four ingredients, inspiration, aspiration, desperation, and perspiration, and the greatest of these is perspiration.—Samuel G. Blythe.

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What Can I Do for Athletics at St. Joe?

WALTER PAX WINS ESSAY CONTEST

James Hoban, Fourth Classical, Captures Second Prize.

The Essay Contest previously announced in columns of *THE CHEER*, came to a close some weeks ago; however, we have reserved the publication of the winning essays for this special Double Issue — "The Athletic Number." Walter Pax, fifth classical has been awarded the first prize, and the second goes to James Hoban. Although we are giving but the two prizes, a third essay appears below. Henry Carmichael, also of the fourth class is the author. The essays follow in their proper sequence.

THE CHEER takes this opportunity to thank the Rev. Fathers Condon, M. A., Gerhardstein, and Brunswick who so kindly acted as judges and thus made this contest possible.

The important part that athletics play in our lives is given but little attention. How manifest real character becomes when we are engaged in a game! At other times the veneer of affected manners conceals undesirable traits, and hides unworthy motives, giving actions a gloss which stamps them for what they are not. But on the campus, in the heat and excitement of a game, before we are aware of it, the garb of hypocrisy has fallen off and our real character appears on the surface. Officials are abused and berated; dishonesty and brutality are considered marks of skill; the common cause is sacrificed for the sake of selfish revenge. In a word, we play the part of a "dirty player," a "poor sport."

The real gentleman, on the other hand, as invariably manifests the nobility of his character no less strikingly by his conduct in a game. Though eager to win, he prefers defeat to a victory unfairly gained. Generosity toward opponents, respect for officials, and loyalty to teammates characterize his every action. Neither insolent nor conceited when successful, he is cheerful even when defeat falls heavily upon him. He may not win the applause of the spectators by any extraordinary flashes of skill, but he is sure to elicit their admiration by his manly behavior.

But athletics do more than simply reveal character. They present a most splendid opportunity to acquire it. Self-knowledge is the first step to improvement, and occasions for introspection are cer-

tainly not wanting in any sport. Many of us never knew that we had such a violent temper until we began to play basketball. And our language—why, we would not recognize it as our own child, should we hear it repeated but half an hour later. Athletics, as it were, drive the devils that lurk within us out into the open, enabling us to meet them face to face.

The ancient Greeks had one virtue which they prized more highly than any other and the practice of which was inculcated in all the games for the young men. It was called 'self-mastery,' and embodied all, if not more, than what we understand by good sportsmanship. Even as did the Greeks, so must we engage in athletics not only as a means of recreation and physical development, but as an opportunity to train ourselves in the practice of self-mastery. The man who has learned how to conquer self has achieved the greatest victory.

Since athletics are an undeniable force in the shaping of our characters, our duty lies in playing every game with the purpose of bettering both our health and our hearts. In this way the moral standard of athletics will be raised far above that pagan one which is the disgrace of so many colleges today, whose teams are guided by the win-at-any-cost spirit. Far from detracting from the interest of the game or the efficiency of the players, good sportsmanship is a factor that spells success. Often it may seem otherwise, but in the end the "golden rule" will accomplish what brutality cannot.—Walter Pax.

St. Joseph's College stands upon the threshold of a new era in athletics, and the time is not far distant when a transition will take place, a transition that will change the entire complexion of our athletic system. This will come to pass with the advent of a permanent coach, in whom the reins of authority for all sports shall converge.

At a time such as this, naturally every loyal follower of the Purple and Red wishes to contribute his "bit" towards the success of the new regime. This wish explains the origin of the question before us, "What can I do for athletics at St. Joe?" In my mind this query is solved. The solution consists of but two words, in length they are brief; in meaning, all powerful. "School Spirit" is the answer.

What is School Spirit? School Spirit is akin to patriotism—is the

love of one's Alma Mater. A man that has school spirit loves his school, respects her authority, and fights for her glory. Now, what I do for athletics I am doing for my school. Hence, if I am to display this quality I should first resolve to co-operate, to pull together, with the authorities and my fellow students. Teamwork is essential, and as a result my personal likes and dislikes must go. I must be but a cog in a vast machine, insignificant perhaps, but nevertheless important. I should consider it an honor to play on any team representing my school. Whether I be the most admired luminary or the lowliest scrub on the squad it is my duty to give every bit of talent in me to my school.

Training rules, obedience, and perseverance must become my portion if I am to make my mark as an athlete. And, finally, I must develop aggressiveness, for aggressiveness is to athletics and School Spirit what the blood of life is to the human body. The man that grits his teeth and goes through in spite of all is the victor.

But what if I am not a member of any athletic squad? What if I do not go in for athletics? Why, man alive, haven't I a voice? The greater number of us are destined to be spectators, but even as an onlooker can we show School Spirit.

The words of a famous Harvard coach express quite well how I can show School Spirit on the sidelines, in bleachers, or gallery. "Go to every game your school team plays and yell and 'holler' till black in the face and your voice is but a whisper."

My little discussion is nearing its end. I have answered the question from the athlete's and from a mere spectator's point of view. The two answers may differ in minor details but the major question is still one. My answer, whether I be a spectator or an athlete, is: "I can help athletics at St. Joe by showing a true brand of School Spirit, first, last, and all the time." What is yours? —JAMES HOBAN.

A Soliloquy

(With Apologies to Shakespeare.)
Time: August, 1923.

(A student of St. Joe after a hard day's labor of exercising a car, comes up to his room for his afternoon beauty sleep. While lying on his bed he soliloquizes thus:)

Oh! How ill this cigar burns! Gee, but that monogram on yon wall looks swell. Good old St. Joe!

(Continued on page 15.)

The College Cheer

Published fourteen times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Ind.

Rates: Per year ----- \$1.00
Single copies ----- .10

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana

Collegeville, Indiana, March 27, 1923

EDITORIALS

THE HELPING HAND

Necessity is the mother of invention and new conditions call into existence new institutions. It remained for these later years to evolve such an organization in America. That organization is no other than the Catholic Students Mission Crusade; the aim and object of which is to provide spiritual and temporal aid to the Missions. Great things have been done since the organization of this society, but few realize the good fruit their sacrifices have borne.

All over this broad land, our students have united into this one great army—an army that today spells victory, not only for those numbered in its ranks but, victory and liberty for millions of people who have been and are groping in the cave of darkness. Human beings enslaved and enchained by passion and idolatry — humans who have never heard that a Savior was born to them are answering the Divine call to the One Shepherd and One Fold.

The C. S. M. C. is the hand that feeds those valiant and holy men and women, priests, brothers and sisters who labor with untiring zeal and devotion in the Mission field. It is the hand that is lifted up to the Sacred Heart begging Him to help and bless those who labor; and pleading Him to bring peace, consolation, and joy to those unfortunate brethren struggling in the darkness of sin and ignorance.

WHY DO YOU GO?

Have you ever asked yourself the question: "Why do I go to the theater?" If you would question others, what would they reply? One might answer, "to be amused." Now, we have often heard and may perhaps have been among those who have declared that there is enough misery in real life without being

made wretched in the theater. These same persons will then spend a thoroughly "happy" evening at a melodrama teeming with tears, murders, and numerous atrocities, without being willing to miss a single pang or a single tear.

"We go to be educated," respond some earnest and ambitious students, who fall asleep when the play becomes educational instead of dramatic.

"Just to forget our troubles and ourselves," say others. To forget oneself is perhaps near the truth, but would not the answer, "to find our real selves," be nearer to the truth? The drama of all ages has dealt with real life and its serious moral problems. It is really the life around us, apart from the action of grace which wakes in us some understanding of the consequences of wrong. When we have studied the deep but ineffaceable changes in a Christian soul sinking into indifference or materialism; when we have seen and felt from experience the sorrow of life, its tragedy of death, then only do we come to some understanding of the significance of sin and the beauty of virtue.

Upon the stage we may learn to know something of the heartaches, the death-pangs, the anxious seekings, the bitter disappointments and the soul yearnings of the human race and so be able to attune our hearts to be in harmony with God's great world around us.

NEWMAN, THE LITERATUS

Victorian prose without John Henry Newman were a realm without its prince. A magic sway, he wields over every reader's heart. His style, "the thinking out into language," is so pure, so clear, so transparent, that it gives no hint of the constant care and conscious study that marked his climb from the childish cot, wherein in early morning, he was touched by "Waverly" and "Guy Mannery," through boyhood days when he wrote like Addison and Gibbon, to his reign as Prince of Prose. His style is but the wonderful personality of the man, Newman, that beautiful character that hallowed the very air of Oxford, "speaking heart to heart." Newman's sole aim is to "give out what is within him, and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that whatever be the splendor of his diction, or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity" (*Idea of a University*—p. 279). Into his soul the great Cardinal looked, and wrote. The very harmony of his prose, expressing itself in inimitable cadences, proclaims the music of his soul—a soul that soared aloft and from dizzy heights revealed in sen-

tences a wondrous depth of thought and learning. Such union of temperament and art, enabled him to attain a high standard of literary excellence, touched at times by Ruskin, but uniformly maintained by himself alone. Thus the Victorian Age in prose becomes the Age of Newman, and the illustrious Oratorian, as a perfect prose writer reigns supreme.

Sad to say, there are many who have never read a line of Newman's *Apologia*; many too, who have read little or nothing of "The Second Spring" or "The Idea of a University," but who can count the thousands whose heart-strings have been vibrated by "The Pillar of the Cloud"? Its vigorous, humble, yet majestic lines, its radiant spirituality, exquisite simplicity, and sublime beauty portray the deepest emotions of the human soul. For every man of thought and feeling it has a charm and appeal that marks it "one of those immortal works that were born not to die." Immortal too is its sister song. "The Dream of Gerontius." In style and thought it stands out original, unique, and powerful; musical in diction and cadences, a masterpiece of spiritual fervor, resplendent with a beauty supernatural. In these two songs, the great Cardinal is again "speaking heart to heart." The once proud spirit in all humility and sincerity bends down before his Master a sweet and prayerful "Lead Thou Me On." In the "Dream," he reveals the full meaning of his Creator. Truly as long as man has a heart to be touched and a soul to be saved, these sacred songs must live!

Though the "English Cicero" has shuffled off this mortal coil and gone to reign with His Creator in the eternal kingdom beyond the spheres, his classics of prose and poetry, the embodiment of his own noble self, live on and will continue to live "speaking heart to heart."—Rev. Fr. P. J. McVeigh, Helena, Mont.

TEMPER IS CRUELTY

A great source of cruelty is temper. When it is considered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened and how many homes are saddened by it; when we remember that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most calamities, inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous than medicinal; when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an Arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form, too.—Selected.



REV. ALBIN SCHEIDLER, C.P.P.S. (top)—In the sweet savor of victory we rightly applaud and praise our gallant players,—they have won the battle. Some few glance a bit further, and shower upon the coach honors of the day,—he certainly merits it. Very few, however, cast a thought just a bit further and include the director of sports on the roll of honor.

Playing an indirect, yet prominent, role in every game, shouldering all the responsibilities of athletic affairs, and ever striving for the interest of us all, our Reverend director, Father Albin, merits condign reward for the success of our recent season. The innumerable duties incumbent upon him are not all apparent to the students; the responsibilities of the team are placed upon his shoulders. The outcome of a season's schedule, therefore, depends greatly upon the action of the athletic director. And since our basketball season has been crowned with prosperous issue, the director "behind the guns" becomes the recipient of unlimited praise. The "Cheer," as mute spokesman of the athletic-body at St. Joe's, with unusual pleasure congratulates Father Albin Scheidler upon the season's happy issue, and tenders him a vote of thanks for the successful guidance of our squad.

ASSISTANT COACH HENRY EBERTSHAEUSER (left)—Coach Kirk found a valuable aid in this tireless person. Imbued with the highest zeal for the betterment of athletics at St. Joe, and ever willing to take an active part in all athletic enterprises, "Heine" has proved himself a loyal St. Joe man.

At times Coach Kirk found it impossible to drill his tossers. But our men did not suffer greatly, for "Heine" was always there, and—well, ask the players if he can make them sweat. With valuable points learned from head-coach Kirk, he was quite competent in running the team through drill. Here's an informal note of appreciation from the students, "Heine"!

THOMAS P. DALEY (right)—"A friend to everyone," this is the title that Thomas P. Daley, popular Manager of the Varsity Five, has won for himself. One hundred per cent energy, an equal amount of pep, devotion to duty, and that characteristic which is synonymous with his name—forgetfulness of self, these are the qualities that distinguished the pilot of the Purple and Red Quintet from all other managers. The season's sched-

ule, which was second to none, must be attributed to his untiring efforts. The boys certainly had a "kind" but not a "hard" master. Are we saying too much, if we vouch that Tommy's smile has kissed the net many, many times? Indeed not!

COACH HUGH KIRK (bottom)—Great difficulty was experienced by the athletic officials last Fall in procuring a desirable coach for the impending basketball season. All their worries were dispersed, however, after the signing of Mr. Kirk. Heralded as an A-1 coach, he fulfilled all promises, and aided greatly in the realization of a winning combination for St. Joe.

Coach Kirk had, during a previous season, taken coaching instructions from the famous Coach Lambert who has placed Purdue U. on the athletic map with a 1922 Big Ten Champ team. This training, with the all important harmony between players and coach, combined to spell success on our recent schedule.

That our coach was as deeply interested in our welfare on the court as we students, he has proved repeatedly. He entered into the spirit of the work heartily. And though, as proper, he put our men through very strenuous practice, Coach Kirk gained the good will of the team by his winning manner, and his influence in procuring seats at the great Purdue-Wisconsin game left an indelible mark in the memory of each player.

In athletics a man stands before us stripped of all superfluities, and only those large distinguishable qualities are revealed which go to make the admirable or despicable character of the athlete as he really is. So play clean!

'Tis rumored that the varsity will have an easier time with the Alumni this year than last. We want opposition.

We see where some of our grid-iron heroes are keeping in condition for next season by cleaning out the Smoking Club Room. That looks encouraging.

The Hoffman-Weier combination and several others seemed impassable. What else could they be?

"I've seen many football stars,"

Said a famous Troy athlete,

"But the brightest one that I ever saw

Was when my head stopped O'Connor's feet."

The CHEER gratefully acknowledges the assistance of William Flynn in securing the "breezy fillers" used in these pages.

CAPTAIN AL HOFFMAN.

One hundred and sixty-three points! Some number, eh, gang? Yes, our captain surely showed 'em how its done, scoring over 43 per



CAPTAIN AL HOFFMAN

cent of all the points made by the Red and Purple machine all season. It is a record to be proud of. "Ella" literally swept away all opponents. They simply could not check him in his whirlwind sweeps and he seemed to be able to hit the net even with several of the enemy clinging to him.

Our captain never fell below eight markers in a game. The high-water mark in many seasons for St. Joe was measured by "Ella" on the Weidner Institute floor, where he sank 14 baskets and three free throws for the large total of 31 points! At South Bend he registered 14 of our 24 tallies, at Lafayette 16 of 26.

Hoffman's exceptional brilliancy in piling up field goals somewhat shadows his work at the foul line. For, though he did make eight out of ten throws against Loyola, the season's figures credit him with only 31 of a possible 75. However, his remarkable ability in caging goals by far atones for his hard luck at foul-shooting. And we'll have "Ella" with us next year undoubtedly! "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?"

A basketball star I'd like to be
Then I'd drop 'em on the fly
I'd like to be like Hoffman, but—
Without that big black eye.

COACH RADICAN, FORMER ATHLETIC DIRECTOR AT CAMP DODGE

Of no small amount of interest and distinction is the fact that after Mr. Thomas Radican, our new coach, left military service, he was K. of C. Athletic Director at Camp Dodge for two years. Thus Mr. Radican comes to St. Joe as a man of varied knowledge and experience.

TENNIS COURTS A REALITY

Crowning the unlimited efforts of our Reverend athletic director and the zealous labors of our tennis enthusiasts with success, six first-class tennis courts bear mute evidence to the results possible via hearty cooperation. First-class courts have long been a fervent wish; they are now a happy reality.

Ever solicitous for the physical training and enjoyment of the students, the authorities have financed the construction of these six brand new tennis courts on the favorable site north of the main campus. Eighteen hundred hard American dollars, the total cost of this improvement, certifies the statement that these courts are A-1 in quality. And now that they are completed, the courts add greatly to the attractiveness of the vicinity.

Mr. Harper, an expert of the Cyclone Fence Company, Waukegan, Ill., is now erecting the steel fencing. Completely enclosed by 784 feet of wire fencing, ten feet high with eight gates, the courts present a beautiful sight. Concrete-base steel posts assure permanency for this No. 11 chain-link wire fence of 1 3/4-inch mesh. All material is of the highest standard, and a realization of the expense may be gained from the fact that the fencing alone represents one car-load of equipment.

Our dreams of excellent courts have been realized, thanks to the splendid cooperation of students and authorities. For these courts represent much more labor than is apparent on the surface. Over 700 truck-loads of material, 400 of which were of clay, were required to insure the best courts possible. All who assisted in their construction may justly take pride in this latest stride to a bigger and better St. Joe athletic system.

An enraged host up at Lafayette is still hunting for his front door key. Why not enlighten him, Ted?

Jimmy Lauer's form appeared in "the old-town" papers recently. But he corked his bugle when the Youngstown Vindicator gave 50 lines under the snapshot of Johnny Roach.

CARL WILLACKER, 1923 BASKETBALL CHIEF

The A. A. Board, convened March 22, named as their choice for 1923-24 basketball manager Carl Willacker. Besides this laudable choice, the members selected Edward Zahnle and Theodore Liebert as assistant Cheer leaders to James Gallagher.

HERBERT WEIER

"Flossy," our Michigan whirlwind—and the hardest scrapper of the squad. Somehow Flossy followed that ball just everywhere; he was in the thick of the fight constantly.

And 70 points bear mute evidence to his unusual skill in sinking that old ball. In scoring he is surpassed only by Captain Hoffman. Undoubtedly Flossy would have raised this total had he been able to complete the season. But "wounded in action" put the blinkers on him—while fighting desperately against the veterans at South Bend, Flossy was unceremoniously given a seat in the bleachers via the shove route, resulting in several broken ribs.

At Weidner Flossy rang up 12 points, and in our victory over South Bend he surely did put on a whale of a game. They simply couldn't hold him down. And then



HERBERT WEIER

again at Lafayette it was our ex-captain who bore the brunt of the battle. This was Weier's second season on the Reps—next year should be a banner year for this dashing Wolverine.

CHARLES WULFHORST

It was in September; we distinctly remember the name "Chuck" Wulforth, the lad who is said to have burned up the basketball floors



CHARLES WULFHORST

back home in Delphos, Ohio, last season. "Yes, 'Chuck' is at St. Joe, and means to land a berth on the Reps." And history says our black-haired find excelled all reports; 50 points "Chuck" ran up in his 12 starts. And when we consider that he appeared usually for only one-half game, we realize his speed and his eye for the net. St. Cyril's Club of Whiting was easy meat for "Chuck," it seems, for though he did not play two complete games against them, he rang up 11 baskets. Playing only during the second half against the Y. M. P. C.'s when we lost, 36-25, this forward sank in eight points for the Red and Purple. Out of the breezes comes floating the whisper that "Chuck" means to attend Notre Dame next year—there's a place for you on the squad here next year, Charles.

"Rep" basketball practice sure did hit the grub pile hard this year. Ask Roach's table pards.

If you can't boost your team, why knock it?

"I have only five words of instruction for my team before a hard game," says our flashy coach. "They are: Fight! Fight! Fight!! FIGHT!! FIGHT!!!"

RETREAT OPENS TONIGHT

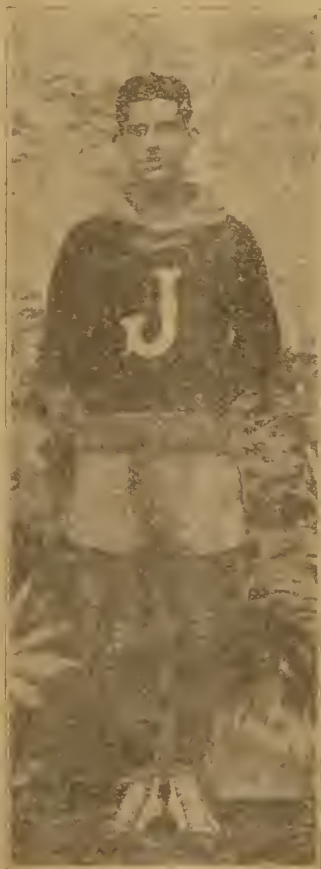
Rev. Leo Lentz, the Redemptorist father, who conducted the Thirteen Hours Devotion last fall, is here to conduct the annual retreat. Father Lentz is a speaker of unusual ability and it is with the greatest anticipation that we await his lecture tonight.

The fact that Holy Week and Retreat clash is a most fitting coincidence. From one point of view we will be killing two birds with one stone, on the other it is an ideal time to be alone with God.

JOHN KLEN

We needed this Whiting flash in every game, and Johnny responded nobly. Perhaps the wiriest of our forward machine, he connected with the ring 22 times, and most of these were difficult shots for those guards sure did have our nimble kid spotted. Despite close guarding, however, Johnny employed his wicked dribble to great advantage for our cause, and repeatedly electrified us with almost impossible shots.

Klen was accountable for three of our ten baskets at South Bend, and for four points in our 36-25 defeat from the Y. M. P. C.'s. He seemed to be there with the stuff just when we needed points, and his season's total of 46 points represent as many markers as we could use very handily. And considering the fact that this lad partici-



JOHN KLEN

pated in every game, his charge of 12 personals represents the cleanest playing on the squad. What does next season hold for Johnny? We're waiting.

JAMES LAUER

And even Kouts, Ind., had a word to say in the shaping of the personnel of our squad—and a loud word it was, too, all condensed in



JAMES LAUER

our peppery floorguard, Jimmy Lauer. All kidding on the shelf, Jimmy surely has everything that constitutes a real basketball star. And when he's in the game, Jimmy is there with all his thoughts bent only on one objective—to win. The opportunities for a guard to display real smart stepping in our games were many. Some of the best forwards in the state were arrayed against us, but wiry Lauer showed up excellently against all comers. His work against the Y. M. P. C.'s and especially against the All-State Star Edner of South Bend B. C. was remarkable. And how can we ever forget those two baskets, those life-savers which Jimmy tossed through after taking that ball the entire length of our floor both times in our 22-20 victory over South Bend? It was Jimmy who stored that game on ice for us. And the berries are if old Sol doesn't get the better of our guard this summer, we'll have him right with us again next term.

Too bad we haven't MORE fair basketball cheerers here; "Chuck" says he means to play at Notre Dame next season!

"Ella" Hoffman has become the "matinee idol of basketball," for the juniors.

THEODORE LIEBERT

"You betcher boots," "Ted" filled that suit out in tip-top fashion. A tall, solidly built man, he was a kill-joy for the visitors at backguard.



THEODORE LIEBERT

"Ted" was called into the scrap ten times; sometimes he kept the opposing forwards supplied with causes for worry by guarding our basket, at other times he took Captain Hoffman's position at center. In both positions he pulled off great work, but his work as guard was the more valuable. "Ted" certainly has the grit and the real fighting blood in him. With his kid brother, "Norm," he fittingly upheld the honors of his home state Wisconsin. Here's hoping we may see "Ted" on the St. Joe hard-wood next year again.

"THE MEMORY IS A HAPPY ONE"

The time has come for the warriors of the net to put aside their arms once more — the basketball season of '22-23 is only a memory. But thanks to the faithful co-operation of every member of the squad, thanks to the efficiency of our coach, thanks to the zeal of our director, thanks to the true sportmanship of our opponents, the memory is a happy one.

A glance at the records will show that achievement and success have gone hand in hand with us wherever we chanced to go into the fray. True, a few defeats mar the season's work, but let us remember the words of the poet: "A defeat is

sometimes better than a victory." Some failures helped to bring home the fact that we were not altogether invincible, others were of such a nature that we must say they were worth while losing.

Hence, my message at this time to director, to coach, and to the squad for their efforts in assisting their pilot in his endeavor to add lustre to the Purple and Red is a hearty, "THANK YOU." As Janus like, glancing once more into the past season, we must say: "We have accomplished SOMETHING. Well done!" Peering into the future, aware of the spirit and the ability of St. Joe, we say: "In the future you CAN and WILL DO still more."—Thomas P. Daley, B. B. Manager.

Hoffman's hopes have held him high honors.

JAMES HIPSKIND

The records don't show the superb playing of our "Hippie" at backguard. But all who have been fortunate enough to see our Wabash guard take that old sphere off the enemy's basket know he has the makings of a great player. Undoubtedly Jimmy was at his best against the Freeland Brothers' Five; that night he held the visitors in check in record style, besides taking the ball the entire length of



JAMES HIPSKIND

the floor and annexing two points to our score. "Hippie" is the pride of the III. Classics. Here's to your good luck on the court next season, Wabash!

JOHN ROACH

With all reason to hope for another great season for our letter-guard, Roach, our anticipations received a cruel jolt from the merci-



JOHN ROACH

less bugs of the pill-house who insisted on keeping Johnny out of the majority of our games. However, whenever able to mix in the fray, he certainly did travel, and as for speed in pass-work, well he set the pace for the entire squad. Too bad the records don't tell the number of baskets Johnny was directly responsible for. For some reason he always refrained from shooting, preferring to work the ball directly under the basket.

Roach started the season with all his former speed and brilliancy, upsetting Hammond and Weidner with ease. And, though we can but content ourselves with the thought of all Johnny would have achieved had sickness not interfered, we cannot overlook his splendid finish of the season at Whiting against salaried All-State stars. And here's still another man to serve as a nucleus for next season's quintet!

We really thought Jimmy Lauer's sudden call for substitution in the South Bend game was due to his superhuman spurt in that battle. Now Jimmy gives a bit of advice to his kid pupils: "Don't eat onions before a basketball game."

Koach Kirk kan kurb kritics, klearly konvincing kondukt klaims.

ERNEST HOYNG

Starting like a flash, and evidently having the goods all ready to be delivered, Hoyng experienced hard lines this season because of



ERNEST HOYNG

his ill-health. He was able to appear in but four games, but say! Didn't he snap it up when he was there? We can never forget that swell backguarding he staged against the South Bend All-State Stars. His work that night was really remarkable—and every little bit counted greatly that memorable night. Ernie Hoyng is the sole graduate on this year's varsity.

Listen, St. Cyril! Johnny Klen hails from Whiting. Did membership increase between the dates of our two games? ? ?

Most probably our squad will play at Lafayette again next year. So you'd better return, Ted!

In the interview with Coach Kirk requesting a few breezes from his humorous pen, he remarked that he often wrote for money—but never got it. Shake, Coach, we students sympathize with you. So do many of us!

Ernie Hoyng, the Coldwater kid, poured some of his old-town spirit down the backs of the South Bend forwards in our win over this team.

Atta boy! Just pop that foul! You can do it if you try, Get her going, don't say die! —Nice work, buddy! We never lie,

COACH KIRK PREDICTS ATHLETIC FUTURE FOR ST. JOE

Basketball at St. Joe has been, I believe, in the past, the major sport for two particular reasons. First, the gymnasium includes one of the very finest and best equipped floors in the country, and secondly, the game provides excellent physical culture for boys of all ages.

Much interest has been created in the inter-class leagues, but not belonging to any association or conference, little thought has been given to developing the best team the college could place in the field as representatives.

Now, however, that the game has taken the whole country by storm, and schools are being widely advertised and partially financed through their athletic activities, it is welcome news that our college is to have a regular coach and consequently stronger "Reps."

It has always been my belief that St. Joe would do wonders for the town of Rensselaer if her teams were developed well enough to best secondary colleges at our home grounds.

There is nothing more stimulating to a community than the aggressive influence of a good school. Hard, clean athletic contests afford interesting entertainment and a common point of pride for any section. The solid support of faculty and community behind athletics here will soon make this a "college town" to be heard from.

The present basketball season has laid considerable foundation for a spirit of sportsmanship and for the prospects for next season.

The most creditable mention should be given Rev. Albin Scheidler, whose constant aim has been to develop the same gentlemanly fighting spirit whether winning or losing. His influence is accountable for the high praise the team received on foreign floors, and his loyal support of the "Reps" made all our success possible. Here's to an athletic future for St. Joe!—Coach Hugh Kirk.

"Brick" Roach says: "I'm beginning to sleep better since the season's over. I slept until the bell rang for the last two mornings."

Lauer's long legs leap lovely.

If smoking makes minds dull, most of the team's minds should have been very alert. They are. Only two members of the squad are regular 'halers.'

Aunt: "Oh, Bobby, how cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?"

Bobby: "He seemed so lonesome."

TO THE PANSY

When robins first their carols sing,
And wrens go chatting all the day,
When buds and willows herald spring,
The pansy comes without delay.

The children seek thy sweet bouquet
Ere maidens of thy presence know;
The sun has warmed with golden ray
The chill of winter's icy snow.

Then oft I think of pleasant dreams
Of thee in morn's fresh dripping dew;
How fair thou art with radiant gleams!

With cheer the human heart imbue,
—Werner Rauh.

Pershing should write his memoirs carefully. There were so many in the same army with him.

NORMAN LIEBERT

Now there's "Norm" Liebert—the clever utility forward. Though he appeared in but six games, we all knew when "Norm" was in the fight; he added loads of pep, and as for neat dribbling, meet "Norm" Liebert! He set his big brother "Ted" a merry chase for family honors. We won't interfere in domestic problems, but if this "Norm" hops the



NORMAN LIEBERT

rattler for St. Joe again next Fall he'll undoubtedly occupy a permanent berth. Did you ever notice that nifty twirl he gives that old ball? It's a wicked one and seldom fails to kiss the net.

WHO WROTE "SUCCESS" ACROSS OUR SCHEDULE?

Though team-work is always of primary importance for success, and individual playing the greatest drawback to a team, it is not detrimental to an aggregation to observe the record of each player after the final game has been completed. We have compiled the records of the heroes of our Red and Purple.

In deference to the squad as a whole, we would impress upon the reader that these statistics cannot be made to show the real playing ability of the individual. Very many of the most valuable plays are not noted in the official scoring card. Indeed, it is impossible to sum up in figures the true value of a man to his team. Perhaps he who is the biggest asset in procuring team-work is low in official averages. Therefore, we offer these statistics not as an exact measure of the individual's ability, but merely for interest contained therein.

We regret that the exact "playing time" of each player was not recorded on the official score-card; however, we have given the position of each player, the number of games in which each appeared: G—goals; F—free throws; total points; P—personal fouls; T—technical fouls, and F. T. M.—free throws missed.

Name and Position	Games	G	F	Total P.	P.	T.	F.	T.	M.
Hoffman, C.	13	66	31	163	20	3			43
Weier, F.	12	35	0	70	15	1			1
Wulforth, F.	12	25	0	50	3	2			0
Klen, F.	13	22	2	46	12	2			5
Lauer, G.	12	11	2	24	13	0			6
T. Liebert, G.	10	8	0	16	9	0			0
Roach, G.	8	7	2	16	7	0			3
N. Liebert, F.	6	2	0	4	2	1			3
Hoyng, G.	4	0	0	0	4	0			0
Hipskind, G.	6	1	0	2	3	0			0
TOTALS		177	37	391	88	9			61

AMONG THE AMATEURS

The basketball season at St. Joe is practically over. A few games remain to be played in the various leagues; but these are mere pleasantries, official yet non-decisive, for the winners of each league pennant are decided, and the interest is spent.

A glance will show the great superiority of the pennant-winning squads—three leaders retained perfect records, the other lost only one of the 11 games. The Fourth Latins are proclaimed leaders in the Senior division—their's was a grand combination. The Celts had everything their own way in the Academic League. The Sinkers, led by Klocker, who sank 20 baskets in the last game, claim Junior honors. In the Midget League the Independents led the way for the other league teams. All said, we enjoyed a remarkably successful year in amateur circles, as well as in Rep contests.

Senior League

	Won	Lost
Fourth Latins	7	0
Third Latins	5	3
Second Latins	3	4
Seniors	2	3
Commercials	0	7

Midget League

	Won	Lost
Independents	9	0
Red Wings	4	5
Little Five	3	6
Shamrocks	2	7

Junior League

	Won	Lost
Sinkers	10	1
S. K.'s	5	2
Moonshiners	4	5
Lucky Five	3	6
White Sox	3	7
Nonpareils	2	6

Academic League

	Won	Lost
Celts	5	0
Cool Heads	4	1
Loving Sams	3	2
Sure Shots	1	4
Bear Skins	0	5

"EACH PLAYER HAS MERITED HIS 'J.'"

At this time, the close of the 1922-23 basketball season, I am certain that the followers of the Red and Purple will agree that St. Joe has now rung down the curtain on the most successful period of athletics in years. We won the majority of our games, and those that we lost were dropped to the strongest fives in northern Indiana. Suffice it to say that we took all comers by surprise.

With a few exceptions, the schedule was far from an easy one. And it to the lasting honor of St. Joe and to this year's record quintet that we met and defeated teams composed of all-state and university stars.

It is impossible to divide the honors of victory; every player gave us his very best—and we cannot ask for more. Their was

that certain harmony and good feeling in the gang that cannot but spell success. They were there with the pep whenever called upon and each player has merited his "J" which will be awarded at a coming mass-meeting. — Captain Alphonse Hoffman.

SO SMALL AND YET SO GREAT!

(Lenten Thoughts)

O little man, thou art but dust,
Yet what endowment thine!
Though small, thyself consider must
An image half divine.

Thy space within the universe
Is scarce perceptible;
Still God doth thee preserve and
nurse
With love ineffable.

Oh, why such care for man so small?
Must he forever live?
Should God his place, since Adam's
fall
To nobler beings give?

With gnashing teeth and foaming
jaws
The jealous fiend did rave:
"This worm I'll kill and end his
cause,
I'll bring him to his grave."

The fight waxed hot, the blood did
flow,
The fiend made thrust on thrust;
Our race then wavered at the blow
And almost lost its trust.

At last the good Redeemer came
That we might mercy find;
He crushed the foe in God's own
name,
And rescued all mankind.

With love and deepest gratitude
His Name we now extol;
Our Savior and our heavenly food
We praise with all our soul.
—Clarence Kroeckel.

HOW I WROTE A POEM

I made an attempt at a poem,
And hoped that the effort would
show 'em
I've got enough dope
Don't lack the full scope,
Ye words! I forgot where I stow 'em.

'Twas late when I started the vers-
ing,
The mood was soon gone for re-
hearsing,
The muses refrained,
And sadly untrained
Old Pegasus started reversing!
—Edwin Minneman.

A new device changes people's
noses. Sticking them where they
don't belong does the same.

ON LOOKING BACK—

ST. JOE, 391; OPPONENTS, 271

With eight victories in thirteen starts, our Red and Purple quintet can rightly be termed a classy aggregation. The season was a complete success, thanks to the constant grit of our spirited lads, their determination and their earnest endeavors to bring this honor upon this college.

We lost but one series this year—that to the Lafayette Y. M. P. C. crew. They were by far the better team, being comprised of veteran

stars. To have lost to them is no disgrace, to have fought them on their own floor to a 38-26 count is most honorable.

South Bend Business College gave us the most thrilling games of the season. The sweet taste of a 22-20 victory was added to all the thrills when they met our Five here; and when our crew invaded their court we had them beaten until the very last moment of play, when they nosed us out, 27-24.

Three hundred ninety-one points to 271 for the opponents speaks very well for our tossers. Though we far exceeded in field goals, it may be noted that in foul shooting we were lamentably weak. While the opponents attained a 50 per cent average at foul shooting, our lads tossed through only 37 of 98 for an average of slightly less than 38 per cent.

The following statistics will prove interesting to all St. Joe fans:

SUMMARY OF VARSITY'S ACTIVITIES FOR THE SEASON OF 1922-1923

DATE	AT	OPPONENT	Score	OPPONENTS					Score	ST. JOE				
				B.	F.	F.T.M.	P.	T.		B.	F.	F.T.M.	P.	T.
Dec. 17	Home	Ham'd All-S'ts	8	3	2	10	9	0	32	15	2	10	8	1
Dec. 19	Home	Weid'r Inst'te	14	4	6	5	3	0	32	15	2	2	6	2
Jan. 10	Ham'nd	All-Saints	13	5	3	1	8	0	24	11	2	4	6	0
Jan. 13	Home	St. Cy'l, Whit'g	16	7	2	1	8	0	55	26	3	10	4	0
Jan. 15	Home	Laf. Y.M.P.C.	36	14	8	6	4	1	25	11	3	5	9	2
Jan. 20	Home	Loyola U.	13	3	7	6	10	1	30	11	8	6	11	1
Jan. 22	Home	Freel'd Bros.	8	3	2	3	6	0	32	15	2	9	5	0
Jan. 25	Lafayette	Y. M. P. C.	38	17	4	3	6	0	26	11	4	0	6	0
Feb. 3	Chicago	Loyola U.	22	8	6	8	7	0	12	5	2	3	12	3
Feb. 10	Home	S. B. Bus. Col.	20	9	2	1	7	0	22	10	2	7	2	0
Feb. 16	Mulberry	Weid'r Inst'te	15	6	3	0	5	0	51	24	3	2	2	0
Feb. 25	S'th Bend	Bus. College	27	12	3	9	4	0	24	10	4	1	13	0
March 1	Whiting	St. Cyril Club	41	19	3	0	2	0	26	13	0	2	4	0
TOTAL			271	110	51	53	79	2	391	177	37	61	88	9

UNVEILING OF TABLET ON ALUMNI DAY

Preparations for Gala Day Are in Progress.

Ever mindful of those who have left behind them the memorable days of student life at St. Joe, Alma Mater annually calls back her sons on Alumni Day. Out of the ranks of those loyal sons the Divine Watcher has gathered his toll. It is to form a perpetual memory of those sons who died in the late World War that a marble tablet will be erected in the vestibule of the College Chapel.

Nine students of St. Joe died in service during the late war, and this fitting memorial commemorating their loyalty to God, country, and fellowmen will be unveiled on Alumni Day. Rev. Father Edward Vurpillat, who served as chaplain in the U. S. Army during the World War, will give the address for the occasion.

On the evening of May 1, the Turners will furnish a short entertainment, featuring a snappy variety of stunts, both novel and new.

The day and a half celebration promises to eclipse that of former years, both in numbers attending, and in enthusiasm and interest. We hope the committee on arrangements has not overlooked a real match for our little fray on the diamond.

QUESTIONS IN VERSE

Do ships have eyes when they go out to sea?

Are there springs on an ocean bed?

Does jolly tar flow from a tree?
Can a river lose its head?

Are fish crazy when they go in Seine?

Can an old hen sing her lay?
Can you bring relief to a window pane?

Or mend the break of day?

What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?

Is a newspaper white when its read?

Is a banker broke when he's making dough?

Is an undertaker's business dead.

Would a wall paper store make a good hotel,

Because of the hangers there?

Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head,

Just to give him a little hare?

—Anon.

The wise mother in the home is the wise mother in the nation. The nation is but an aggregation of homes.—Dr. Laura Riegelman.

"SO SAY SOME SAGES"

Just a few more weeks until gardeners will make two weeds grow where one grew before.

* * *

If a life insurance agent doesn't sell you he worries you to death.

* * *

Nothing ruins a woman's hat like a friend getting a new one.

* * *

Rum for mince pies has been barred because it makes us pie-eyed.

* * *

Human nature is what makes us all hate autoists while walking and hate pedestrians while driving.

* * *

Spring suits will be noisy, especially divorce suits.

* * *

Voting machines are being installed in Pennsylvania. These are mechanical not political.

* * *

We never could cry over the suffering of a woman who has lost a \$100,000 necklace.

* * *

No matter what you do, someone always knew you would.

* * *

Very few people get on by merely trying to get by.

* * *

Everyone hates to get up in winter, but the same is true of spring, summer and autumn.

* * *

When you think the kids are noisy just suppose you lived in Holland where they wear wooden shoes.

* * *

Fellers, here's the latest edict: The style makers announce that men must wear galluses if they want to be in style. Many will think it another case of hold-up.

* * *

Lawyers are debating if a man has any right to drink in his home when the question is, "Has he any left?"

* * *

Pershing says airplanes are not so expensive. He should point out we already have the air.

* * *

Mother: "My little boy has worms. What can I do for him?"

Doctor: "Feed him fish. They like them.

* * *

Some people are better than others, but that is easy.

* * *

Some men are lucky. Florida alligator bit off a man's wooden leg.

"CASEY'S" GOAT WILL BE IN COLLEGEVILLE MAY 13

Biggest Initiation in Years Expected

Bishop Dwenger Council, No. 1881, held a most enthusiastic meeting in the quarters of the Raleigh Club on Wednesday evening, March 21. Rev. Leo Spornhauer, C.P.P.S., was the principal speaker of the evening. Father Spornhauer's theme, a most vital one, dealt with "the enemies within the church." Tracing the work of this arch-fiend from the days of St. Bernard to our own time, the speaker by his masterly delivery held his audience spellbound throughout his discourse.

Under the head of "Unfinished Business" fell the plan for the coming initiation. "Casey's" goat will be in Collegeville on Sunday, May 13. It is understood that candidates will be here from Delphi, Fowler, and Remington together with the candidates of the local council and the St. Joe boys.

From all indications it will be the biggest initiation in recent years. Lafayette Council will confer the first and second degrees, and the third will be put across by District Deputy Joseph Nurre of Bloomington and Staff. A banquet will "cap" the initiation.

"JUST BUDDIES"

My books and I are buddies,
I meet them every day.
In early morn I take them
My future lore to lay.

Now sometimes they're not friendly,
When I must work my way
To find the sense impending,
Which some call merely play.

If Latin is a plaything,
And Greek is nothing more,
Then with the other burdens,
'Twere fun to gain some lore.

But when I'm feeling sombre,
My classic very gay
With Falstaff and a Toby
Will brighten up the day.

If I be cross and weary,
To me the self-same way
They hold the light of wisdom
Throughout the livelong day.

To me a little volume
As good as you can find,
Has many, many lessons
For comfort just designed.

So when at night I'm tired
And bow my weary head,
I dream about my buddy,
And all the lore he's spread.

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

What should a man do but be merry?—Hamlet.

Winnie had been very naughty and her mamma said:

'Don't you know you will never go to Heaven if you are so naughty?'

After thinking a moment she said,

'Oh, well, I have been to the circus once and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice. I can't expect to go everywhere.'

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

"If ye please, mum, said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely.

And the doors closed with a bang.

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death): "You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

Prisoner (a barber): "I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were to her the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbor found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was.

"Poor me," she sighed, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterwards."

The salesman in a large department store wore a troubled look. "You must be severely tired," said a young man standing by. "There are all sorts and conditions of people in the world."

"Yes, there are," said the salesman, "and they're all here too!"

A prominent judge, who was an enthusiastic golfer, had occasion to question a boy witness in a criminal suit.

"Now, my boy," said the judge, "are you sure that you know the nature and significance of an oath—that is, what an oath really means?"

The boy looked up at the judge in surprise and then answered:

"Why, of course I do, judge. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club.?"

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SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE

Why are there so many failures among high school pupils?

Because they permit studies to interfere with their education.

Why does a tourist generally refer to his car as a "her"?

Because "she" is expensive, never reliable, usually full of gas and good looking when painted up.

Who is the author of the line: "A man of genius and virtue is but a man"?

Macaulay.

Who is the author of the following?

"—money,
That condiment which tends
To make a fellow "honey,"
For the palate of his friends."
James Whitcomb Riley.

Give Granklin's list of virtues!
Silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity.

Name at least seven good reference works!

"A Batch of Smiles," "A Little Nonsense," "Flashes of Irish Wit," "New Book of Conundrums and Riddles," "Oriental Dream Book," "Telling Fortunes by Cards," "Gypsy Witch Fortune-Teller," and some may like, "The Sunny Side of Life."

The yearly fight against the fly has been announced. Why should we not put much faith in this report?

Because announce of preservation is not worth a pound of cure.

Give the reason why February has but 28 days?

March is so windy it blows in ahead of time.

It is not a sin, but what is it to sit around and cuss Congress?

An awful waste of time.

What is an optomist? A pessimist?

An optomist is a man who rejoices, because it will soon be the season of the year when he will no longer be troubled with putting on and taking off his overcoat. A pessimist is one who grumbles because he will soon have to go to the bother of taking off his heavies.

What dessert will be served at the Alumni Banquet this year?
RASPBERRIES.

What three things is a business man entitled to?

He is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of a golf ball.

What is the first sign of spring?
When the birds start hanging around the stores to see who buys garden seeds.

What is a bolshevik?
A brainstorm entirely surrounded by whiskers.

Give a formula for making a real success of life!

Put as much energy in your vocation as you do in your vacation.

Now that we hear that Henry Ford may be a candidate for the presidency, what question must we ask ourselves?

"Can he play golf well enough to be president?"

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WALTER PAX WINS ESSAY CONTEST

(Continued from page 3.)

Right there with the goods when it comes to athletics but still—well it could stand a little boost. (Umm! good candy!) I'd like to help give it a little boost along the line of athletics but shoot, what could I do? I'm too lazy to go out for any varsity and if I did I'd never succeed. Gee! I wish I were an all-around athlete like Rusty Keer. If I were, we should sure have a football team that could beat any team in Indiana. Well, no shoot! Didn't Rusty say that he hated high school and would like to go to a place like St. Joe? Well, now, I'm going to take a couple of catalogues over to that fellow and talk him into coming up to St. Joe next year. He'll be the making of our football team.

But without the necessary cash and the backing of the students we couldn't have a varsity even if we had seven or eight fellows like that big pile of muscles, Rusty Keer. But—If all the students would pay their A. A. dues promptly, and help out the association by trading at the A. A. store, it's a cinch Father Albin wouldn't have to be worrying all the time, trying to furnish "real" schedules for our teams with a limited amount of cash. And athletics at St. Joe are sadly in need of backing of the students. Oh! watch us cheer and root for the teams next year!

Most colleges obtain a part of their publicity through advertising their beautiful grounds, buildings, etc. Many colleges proudly point to their alumni as walking advertisements. But there is no college, that, when planning its catalogue, does not point with pride to its athletics and its unbeaten varsity teams, because these denote the physical fitness of the students. Father Albin and the coaches put many excellent teams into the field. With some publicity St. Joe, through the medium of athletics would become one of the foremost boarding schools in Indiana. Now, why couldn't some of the students do as I am going to do next year. Mr. Dough, editor of the daily paper, offered me fifty cents for each article I would write for him. In the future I am going to write up all of St. Joe's games and have them published in the daily paper. Fifty cents!!! Hurrah! Oh, you candy trust! Next year I'll sure boost athletics at St. Joe! Watch me, all you knockers.—Henry Carmichael.

Our ancestors lived in trees and the average man of today is up a tree most of the time.

"THE BARNSTORMER"

The C. S. M. C. presented another first class movie on March 16—"The Barnstormer," with Chas. Ray. More movies—more money; more money—more Black's made white. When is the next one? The sooner the better!

Oh, that magic oratory of youth! Its words are fragrant as blossoming flowers; its tone sweet as symphonic music! Heedless of reason, of caution, of calculation, it gallops over all obstacles and leaps unerringly to its goal.—Lessing.

But, alas for the satisfaction of all mortal beings! It was written in the Book of Fate, eternities ago, how long the satisfaction of each mortal shall last, and from this decree there is no appeal.

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LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU!

No Mail to Hades

Willie Hohenzollern (after Berlin fell): "But, mein friendt, I want to write a letter to papa."

Yankee Guard: "Nothin' doin', Heinie. We don't have asbestos stationary around here."

First tramp: "After all, it pays to be polite, pardner."

Second tramp: "Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf and dumb when a man gave me 50 cents. I says, 'thank you, sir,' and he had me arrested."

"Alas!" confessed the prisoner, "in a moment of weakness I stole the piano."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! What would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

"I suppose, Jerry," said the eminent statesman, looking through his pocketbook for a new dollar bill, "like a lot of other folks now-a-days, you would rather have clean money?"

"Oh, that's all right, senator," said the boy. "I don't care how you made your money."

Druggist: "The doctor says here in this prescription that you are to take an ounce of whiskey three times a day."

Pat: "An' how much is an ounce of whiskey?"

Druggist: "Well, 16 drams make one ounce, you know."

Pat: "Gimme a pound of it."

George: "What a fine building that is across the way."

Charles: "Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, aches and groans of his fellowmen; out of the grief of crying children and the woes of wailing women."

George: "Ah! a rum seller, of course. Yes, yes!"

Charles: "Oh, no; he's a dentist."

Edith: "What is the translation of the motto in the ring you gave me?"

Edward: "Faithful to the last."

Edith: "The last! 'You deceitful thing. You told me I was the first.'"

Frank: "Here I've spent four years courting you and you throw me over for another fellow."

Maud: "Well, he spent less time and more money, that's why."

Moody: "Do you know, when I recited my lines I was almost carried away by my feelings. I forgot everything but the part. The very audience seemed to disappear."

Dunn: "Can you blame them?"

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise, "Oh, but I see that they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd iron all yours like that if I had time."

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew you were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

Zahnle in the Refectory.—"This is quite the cow's hip," he remarked as he bit into the steak.

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